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Frímann Bjarnason Arngrímsson

ASTERS AND VIOLETS

SOME STRAY POEMS AND VERSES

BY

FRÍMANN B. ARNGRÍMSSON
(FORMERLY CALLED FREEMAN B. ANDERSON)

PRINTED BY BJÖRN JÓNSSON
AKUREYRI ICELAND
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To my readers.

The following verses and poems have grown up in the garden of my fancy during the last 40 years in spite of unfavorable conditions.

They remind me, as I write them down, of the wild-flowers growing without care or culture on the wood-clad hills and the great plains of America, the prairies, "boundless and beautiful", — strongly contrasting with the barren hills and the rock-bound coasts of Iceland, which however has a fascinating beauty of its own.

Whatever fate awaits these offsprings of my fancy, I allow them to appear now rather than later, if only to be a token of my respect for the great English speaking nations whose guest and workman I was for nearly 20 years, and to prove my gratitude to many a brave friend in need, and also my hope and faith in a better and brighter future, when the great sister-nations, now engaged in a mad, useless and suicidal war, shall join hands in friendship, because *all men are brothers and war is a crime.*

Frimann B. Arngrimsson.

Akureyri 8th Dec. 1915.

The Temple of God.

(Valhalla.)

Thou Earth, a holy temple,
Thy dome, the sky above;
In runes of light is written
The covenant of love.

Printed in the "Manitoba Free Press" 1885.

To Iceland.

Fairest island, Ísland, Ísland! *
Queen of islands, Ocean's bride,
Born of fire, bred by Heaven,
Becrowned with light and girt by tide;
Land of poets, land of heroes,
Land of saga, land of song,
Home of fathers, home of kindred,
Home of friendship deep and strong.

Sweep away the shadows round thee,
Show thy past and glory won,
The warrior's camp, the viking's dragon,
Vallhalla lit by Odin's sun;
Rise from darkness, rise in power;
Wreathed in glory live for aye,
Crowned with beauty, fame and freedom,
Fairest island 'neath the sky.

Composed in Winnipeg, Manitoba,
and published in "Heimskringla" 1887.

*) In the Icelandic language the name of Iceland is written Ísland and pronounced as in French, Eesland.

To my uncle,

Jóhannes Arngrímsson=John Anderson.

When alone I roam without a home
Away from thee and thine,
When the battle of life seems a luckless strife,
Then I laugh: *for the world is mine.*

Composed in Baltimore, Maryland 1889.

To Vineland.

I greet thee fair and gladsome Vineland,
I greet thy streams and sparkling fountains,
Thy green-clad forests, golden prairies,
Thy grassy vales and shining mountains.

Oft have I seen thee as thou risest,
Like Asgard, bright from crystal billow,
The sunlight bathing, breezes fanning,
The blushing rose and graceful willow.

And I have seen thy eagle spirit,
Of ages born to rule the hour,
A god-like queen of earth and ocean,
Asynia of *truth* and *right* and *power.*

I've drunk the light o'the lastrous morning,
I've lived on nectar-yielding flowers,
I've quaffed the scent of blowing breezes,
I've breathed thoughts of happy hours.

Oh, then I loved thee lovely Vineland,
Loved thee for thy wondrous beauty,
Loved thy freedom-loving people,
Yes, loved thy *freedom born of duty.*

* * *

Alas, the vision all has faded,
The once fair land I see no longer,
The fertile fields and woods have vanished,
The weaker kneels before the stronger.

For, lashed by maddened money seekers,
Thy millions toil in golden fetters;
And to the moan of myriads dying
The masters answer: Serve your betters.

* * *

But, lo! a band of brilliant heroes,
Befree the slaves from their oppressors,
And found a state where all are equals,
All loyal sons and true possessors.

* * *

All hail, fair Vineland, famed in story,
Fair are thy plains and laughing waters;
Hail to thy fame and highborn glory,
Home of brave men and noble daughters.

Boston 1890.
Published in "The Boston Transcript".

Dawn.

Alone I stood beside the ocean,
In the silent watch of night,
Listening to the waves in wonder,
Waiting for the dawn of light.

I saw the wondrous solar systems,
Spirit-garments bright, unfurled,
I heard the notes of heaven's music,
Heart-beats of the living world.

Within me a deep and dreamy longing
Darkly sought a higher goal,
Questioning, What is life? — The living
Language of the world's All-soul?

But earth and sea and air were silent,
The shining stars made no reply;
The life I sought, the life I pondered,
Lay beyond the starry sky.

Then wrote the Dawn arrayed with splendour,
In runes of light, above the sun:
All life and thought and love and beauty,
All living forms and God are one.

* * *

Again I heard the ocean billows,
Like angel voices to me call,
And on the shore beside the ocean,
I silent worshipped God in all.

Boston, 1890.
Published in The Boston Transcript.

The Factory Gnome.

W'ill belt the world with bands of iron,
Belt it in a coil of steel;
Make the earth a mighty motor,
Make old Sol our power-wheel.

* * *

I am a part of all that is,
And all things are akin to me;
In them I move, in me there lives
A myriad-type of worlds to be.

Mass. U. S. A. 1891.
Published in the Twentieth Century.

To a Weeping Willow.

By the pond, on the Boston Commons,
Thou broodest like to one that grieves.
Bowing like a modest maiden,
Music sounds through rustling leaves.

The Franklins Bound, Twisting The Chains.

The Wish imprisoned.

"*I would be free*", a willful maiden cries,
While tossing golden ringlets from her brow,
Her form erect, her large and lustrous eyes
Lighting with glow that made the proudest bow;
"I wish a life that knows no dread of death,
To dream in nature's lap the joys of life,
To feel the light of love in every breath,
To live and rule, a princess, queen and wife".

"I would be free", I heard a warrior say,
While pointing to a pass that kept him back,
And as he spoke, ten thousand foemen lay,
Lifeless and stark upon the snowy track.
An eagle sweeping over hill and lea,
He onward passed in conquest to the wave,
And built his kingdom only for the free,
First among masters, leader of the brave.

"I would be free", so wailed a weary slave,
"I wish that my deliverance were nigh,
Or shall I not be free this side the grave,
Then save me God, and let me only die.

Nor love, nor fame, nor life has passing hold
On highborn spirits chained to slavery; —
We sell ourselves, yes, sell our souls for gold,
And say we can't, because we won't be free."

* * *

The Intelligence captive.

"*I will be free*", the artist-poet sung
In tones of richest music deep and pure;
"I scorn to lie upon the lowest rung,
Or live, a prince, and servitude endure.
I'll draw the veil of villainy aside
And view ideals in their native hue;
I'll paint the hell of poverty and pride,
Proclaim the heaven of the good and true".

"I will be free", I saw a savant write,
Symbolic terms his eagle vision scanned,
"I'll break the bonds of ignorance and vice,
Unveil the coming types by Nature planned;
I'll penetrate the ether's inmost sea,
And weigh the atoms and the heaviest sun,
I'll prove what forms of force there are to be,
Project the course our race has just begun".

"I will bee free and make my kinsmen free",
The martyr spoke, and swung aloft the cross;
"I'll teach them courage, teach them not to flee,
When trial comes and cverything seems loss".

And as he spoke the unrelenting crowd,
Eager for victimes, sentenced him to die:
"*One for the many*", marked the burial shroud,
While mystic portents blazed across the sky.

The Will fettered.

"I *must* be free," the master builder spoke,
And myriad-faced cities round him glowed;
Lighted to music Mjölni's flashing stroke,
Murmured engines, burnished metal flowed.
"Chisel the mountains, mow the golden grain,
Mill the cold lavas, change the stones to bread,
Harness the tempest, tame raging main;
Train the earth-fire, immortalize the dead".

"We *must* be free," resounded from afar
And flashes hid the wizard host from gaze,
As from a shore to the farthest fixed star
They flung a bridge of dazzling ether rays.
"W'll belt the stars of Heaven to our wheels
And harness atoms so they work for aye,
W'll read the runes that astral dust reveals
And raise up forms of life that can not die".

* * *

"*Be free*, ye men! Ye shall, ye *shall* be free"
So thundered angel voices through the deep:
"The Universe is yours, ye are what is to be,
Nor die beyond a momentary sleep.

Ye are the flow of the eternal Mind,
Whose every form is beautifully wrought;
Nor high, nor low nor any unholy kind,
But symbols of an *omnipresent thought*".

London 1896
Printed in The París Magazine 1897.

The Shaping of Midgard.

It was time's morning, and Ymir's lifeblood
Swept on in surges of shimmering light!
Sang solar-systems, shone astral-lilies.
Circling and swaying in self-conscious might.

Then a fair flower, fairer than others,
Arose from the ashes of earlier worlds;
Set in nine circles it sprang into beeing,
Each blossom bearing a budding sphere.

And Earth, the fairest of Ymir's daughters,
With locks light-burnished lept from her couch,
Feeding and fondling her froward children,
Teaching the best and bravest to live.

París 1897.
Printed in The Paris Magazine

To an English Friend in Paris.

Above, on high, I see a spirit rise.
Robed in azure, crowned with astral rings,
Through heaven's port the highborn scion flings
Harpchords of rainbow-tints across the skies.
Upward and on the roving radiant hies,
Rushing by clouds of stars and ether springs;
Creating suns and atoms, knaves and kings,
Haply to flourish while another dies.
Athwart the strands, upon matted slime,
Mark the Life-spirit write the song of time,
Beaming in looks where eager souls combine,
Evoking joys and sorrows, doubts and creeds.
Record impress, preserve in song divine,
Sacred, blameless, life-ennobling deeds.

Paris, 1897.

To an English Woman in Paris.

I thank thee for this goodly gift,
The good are scarce in Luxustown;
It was a timely little lift,
The lot brought me just half-a-crown.

To an innovator Æsculap.

Composed in London 1896.

O the allopaths, and the homeopaths,
They had such famous schools,
And made such pills for all the ills
That enter human fools;
They boiled and brewed compounds,
And built up mighty stores,
And the crowds of sicks, that came on thick,
Were cured there by the score.

This drugging craze did grow apace
And doctors multiplied,
Till they numbered half the human race,
The other half, — it died;
The preacher ceased to preach,
Became a polymath;
But the man who lengthened life's short span,
He was a "Naturopath".

So now we have days of wondrous ways,
Men wish to banish pain;
They flash relays with Röntgen rays,
And photograph the brain.
They seek out jaded cells,
And soak the elements,
Till the blood grows rich and bright and well,
And "builds up new ferments."

Home-sickness.

In Paris-town, on dingy down,
We dream af golden prairies,
Of sun-gilt hills and rippling rills
And ravishing young fairies;
Tamta ramta ramtararah
Ramta tamta tamtararah,
Tamtara, ramtara, Hip hurrah!
Hurrah for western eyries.

Paris 1910.

Lines on Life.

Say not to me that life is wholly lost.
Or labour wasted, which has *right* for aim,
Turn not away nor count too great the cost,
When the crown is *freedom* and a *spotless name*.

Sing not to me the songs of erring love,
Sear not my heart by fibs of warring creeds,
The law of right is written high above,
And life is shaped in the forge of deeds.

Shake not my faith in everlasting life,
A living world and an all-directing Mind;
Blind not my soul, debase me not by strife,
Blast not my faith in God and in Mankind.

* * *

For if you never rocked yourself to rest
Where roaring waves the mountain ledges shook,
Nor mocked the whirlwind on mountain crest,
Nor marked the cadence of the glacial brook;

And if you never sought the silent glen
When sunbeams wove the parting evening's glow,
Nor heard the rythmic tread of marching men
Like a mighty tide of earth-life round you flow;

And if you never felt a holy flame
Flash through thy brain and wake thy
slumbering sight,
Nor ever broke the chains of sin and shame
And soared to worlds of never-failing light;

You do not know the depth of Nature's speech,
Nor dream her message told in every breath,
Nor have you learnt the lesson she would teach,
That *man was made to conquer*, even death.

* * *

For death is but a dissolution brief
Of dust-born grains that ether-streams enlace;
While loving thought that lightens every pain
Is the light reflected from God's holy face.

Yes, Death is but a dissolution brief
Of diverse tissues laved by ether-streams;
But the Soul that thinks and subdues every pain,
Shall live with God above this world of dreams.

And who is God whom all mankind adores?
A Mind that rules the world and gives it light.
And who is man whose ills this age deplores?
A Son of God who *strives to do the right.*

Paris in January, 1914.

Notes.

I have published the foregoing verses and poems, not from venal motives nor from vain ambition, as if to earn a place among the immortal poets of any English speaking nation whose guest or workman I have been. I publish them as an apology or excuse for having lived fully forty years a way from my native country, Iceland, viz. 14 years in Canada, 5 years and 7 months in the United States N. America, 2 1/2 years in Great Britain, 17 years 2 1/2 months in France, and fully 6 months in the Scandinavian countries. The verses are published as a proof of my respect for the English speaking race and as a token of my gratitude to those who first taught me to understand, speak and write correct English, notably my early teachers at the Lindsey High School, Co. Victoria, Ont., Canada (1875—6 and 1876—7), The Ottawa Normal School 1879, The St. Catharines Coll. Inst., 1881—82, The Hamilton-Coll. Inst. (1882 — 1883), The University of Toranto, Ontario 1883 — 1884, — and lastly my profound admiration for the masters of English, the great prose writers and poets who first opened to me the vast vistas of ancient, medieval and modern thought and who in truth gave me a mighty weapon for the battle of life, I mean the great galaxy of English, Scotch, Irish and Anglo-American authors in every field of literature and science.

Notably am I deeply indebted to the great masters of english poetry, such as: William Shakespeare, Spenser and Marlowe, Thomas Moore, Alex. Pope, Th. Young, Byron, Shelley, Leigh Hunt, Oliv. Goldsmith, Walter Scott, Rob. Burns, Wm. Morris, Tennyson, Greenleaf Whittier, Edgar Allan Poe, Wm. Cullen Bryant, Walt Whitman, Jas. Russel Lowell and Bayard Taylor, Edwin Arnold, Matthew Arnold, Macpherson and Oliver Wendel Holmes, all poets of no mean order; the great novelists: Lord Lytton, Charles Read, Sheridan Knowles, Charles Dickens, Nathan Hawthorne, Washington Irving, Swift, Goldsmith and Harriet-Beacher Stowe; the great essayists: Thomas Carlyle, John Ruskin, J. S. Blackie, The Duke of Argyll and Ralph Valdo Emerson. I also owe much to the great historians: Thomas B. Macaulay, Green and Hallam, Dr. Robertson & Conybeare, Bancroft, Justin Windsor, Radcliff and Geo. Bryce; the great orators: John Bright, Burke, Wm. E. Gladstone, Disraeli, Lord Salisbury, Henry Ward Beacher, Joseph Cook and Spurgeon and even to the great theologians: John Knox, Edw. Drummond and Edv. E. Hale; The philosophers: John Locke, Bishop Berkley, James Hume, Reed, Hamilton, James mill, J. S. Mill, Herbert Spencer, Jevons, Grant Allan and A. Bain; the psychologist: John Locke, Wm. James and Pierce, and the educators: Macabe, J. Seath, Dr. Wilson and Ryerson.

In the field of phycical science I have been guided for many years by the fascinating writ-

ings of such masters in biology, as Ch. Darwin Th. Huxley, Lewis Wallace, Loeb, and Asa Grey; the great chemists: Roscoe and Schorlemmer, Dr. Fownes, Ira Remsen, Douglas and Prescott, Dalton, Sir H. Davy and Black; the great geologist: Lyell, Sir Wm. Logan, Geikie, Wm. Dawson, Hugh Miller, the Drs. Dana, father and son, the two Agassys, father and son and Dr. N. Shaler; the great astronomers: John Herschel and Wm. Herschel, Ross, Proctor, Loomis and Normann Lockyer, the great physicists: Wm. Gilbert, Sir Isaac Newton, Faraday, Cavendish, Wm. Maxwell, John Tyndal, Clifford, Joule, Wm. Thomson, Langley, Fessenden, Ben. Franklin, H. Rowland, Wm. Crookes and Oliver Lodge; the great mathematicians: Napier, Newton, Todhunter, J. J. Thomson, Clifford, Pierce, Lord Kelwin, Newcomb, Loomis, Gross, Salmon, Loudon and many more.

In the field of practical or applied sciences, by ex. in mecanics and electrical science, I have been greatly awakened and instructed by the work of such as James Watt, George Stephenson and Arkwright, Morse, Graham Bell, Thomas Edison, Nikola Tesla, Hoe, Curtiss, Cottrell, Orville Wright and others; in linguistics, by the valuable works of Noah Webster, Worcester and Dr. Johnson, professor Whitney, John Murray and Fredrik Max Müller who, though a German by birth, wrote most of his valuable works in English; and in social science, by the work and efforts of the great sociologists and thinkers from Thomas More, author of Utopia,

through Owen, Adam Smith, J. S. Mill, Wm. Morris, to Herbert Spencer and Edward Bellamy, not to mention lesser lights; and equally have I had cause to admire the work done by some critics of history as Buckle, Goldwin Smith, and Matthew Arnold, and also by some legistators and rulers, as William the Conqueror, George Washington, Blackstone, Gladstone, Lord Dufferin and the marquis of Lorne, not to mention such as Sir John A. Mac Donald, Alexander Macenzie, W. Laurier and Edward Blake, and presidents Grover and Harrison on the one hand and Wm. Stead, Keir Hardie and Thomas Mann on the other, all fighting under the banner of universal Brotherhood, Liberty and Justice however vain and elusive that hope or ideal may be. From all these I have learned invaluable lessons, by all of them I have been guided through the labyrinth of every day life, through them and many more still unmentioned authors, notably writers on technical science, such as architecture, shipbuilding, agriculture and farming, trade and commerce and finance, not to mention writers on health and recreation, art and culture, I have been cheered and encouraged on my way through countless difficulties and trials. It is to these vigorous leaders of thought and planters of ideals that I owe many of my *earlier efforts* to live a really *useful* life, just as the keen winds and the clear waters of cold, volcanic Iceland and its wholesome aliments and incomparable beauty of as-

pect and auroras, gave me the first elements of physical strength and spiritual insight.

* * *

The short poem, named Dawn, composed one hot summerday on the Boston Commons, U. S. America, marks a turning-point in my life, viz. a clearer comprehension of the meaning of all existence, or actual life, and of its ultimate purpose.

I had then, like Adam in the story, already tasted the forbidden fruit and learnt by experience, that the world we live in is subject to *eternal* and *inflexible* laws whose violation entrains a sure and unerring punishment and possibly a social and physical death. The transgressor may repent and reform his ways and society may forget or forgive the transgression, but the inflexible laws of life demand and exact an adequate penalty to expiate the error or transgression.

The poem, The Franklins Bound, written 7 years later, when alone and almost friendless I was trying to cut myself a niche among the master spirits, and inventors of London, and the Lines on Life, composed 17 years later, show what changes my own mental powers had undergone in that period of severe battles for existence, and at the same time express the ideas and notions popularly held on the nature and meaning of death. These notions and ideals had left their impress in my memory and had influenced me, notably during a severe illness which

struck me down, in the spring of 1913, when I barely escaped being carried off into "that undiscovered country whence no traveller returns". In the last stanza I express the popular belief, such as I have often heard it advanced, but which I cannot myself hold to be true or even probable. I cannot see nor believe that the individual retains consciousness after the body is dead, nor can I conceive that there is a soul-substance or mind-stuff as much rarer (finer) than the ether as this is rarer (finer) than air, entering in union with the ether and forming with it a spiritual being, a *soul*, just as the ether enters and permeates tangible, ponderable and extended matter. What I do believe is that the soul's memory or faculty of thinking, a system of ideas, lives in the memory and conscience of those who know it, that this earth-life may become co-eternal with Cosmic life, and that the ~~light~~ and the spirit which animated the body, returns to the Author of light and all existence.

In brief, I do not understand how anyone can see without eyes or feel without nerves or hear without auditory organs; but if our mental life is deprived of *all* feeling and sensation, there is, as Wm. James well remarks, nothing left behind. For conscience is a system of sensations, ideas and judgments, and the soul is but a another name for conscience.

One thought runs through all these three poems, namely that human intelligence, that is the cognitive faculty, is *divine* in its nature and

not the result of blind hasard. But the origines of life, conscience and purpose lie beyond our ken, and, like all finality, lie beyond the field of human of experience. To wrangle over those questions is perhaps useful as a mental training, but it is an unprofitable business.

I have rendered homage to English literature, not because I deem it superior to French literature taken all in all, nor even to German literature, nor do I esteem the English speaking people so much higher than the French or their German cousins. French literature shines by it own lustre; for ex. Les harmonies poetiques by Lamartine surpass the best rhapsodies and odes by Bysha Shelly and the classic strophes by Tennyson, and Göethes Faust equals the best plays of Shakespeare and Bacon's Novum organum combined.

I have rendered this homage because I believe that the English language is at present, best suited for recording the current events of every-day life and thought, and because the English-speaking people, I mean Britishers and Americans, have for centuries been the banner-bearers of industrial and commercial progress and have shown a considerable talent as governors at home and abroad. The French excel in art and invention and the Germans in philosophic inquiry and in social sciences and virtues.

The French people vie with the English in almost every field of science, sometimes they

surpass the English, as for ex. in painting and in the invention of aëronefs.

And the same may be said of the German people; they are not far behind the English or the French. In some fields of literature and science the Germans surpass both the British and the French. A mere glance shows that the French equal the British in mental ability and culture. Thus Francis Bacon is equalled by Descartes, the philosopher; Dalton is equalled by Lavoisier, and Humprey Davy and Faraday are surpassed by A. M. Ampère; Norman Lockyer and Lord Ross by Arago; Priestly is equalled even surpassed by Chevreuil; Maxwell and Joule by the Becquerels; William Herschel by Laplace; Ch. Darwin by Condillac and Lamarck; Lister by Claude Bernard; Wm. Ramsay by M. Curie; and Thomas Huxley by Cuvier; Lewis Wallace by Le Duc and Le Dantec; John Tyndal by Foucoult and Fizeau; Lord Chavendish, J. J. Thomson and Lord Kelvin by Biot, Carnot, J. J. Fourier, A. Cornu, Deprez, Mascart and Appell; James Watt, George Stephenson, Amstrong, Hoe, and Cotrell by Dulong and Petit Regnault, Vroman, Gramme and Vaucanson; Wm. Crookes, Oliver Lodge, Morse, Graham Bell and Edison and Eliha Thomson by Berthelot, E. Branley and Parville, Chappè, Ducretet D'Arsonval and George Claude, and the constructors of Victoria Bridge and of the Forth Bridge by M. Eiffel and De Lesseps. — Thus the French equal the British in ability and culture.

And the German people, rivals of the Romans under Julius Cæsar, defensors of individual rights and liberty of conscience for many centuries, rivals of the French since the appearance of Luther and of the English nation since the battle of Leipzig (1813) and that of Waterloo (1815), are not far behind the British or the French in literature, industry, commerce and art; in science and philosophic thought they easely hold their own, as also in thoroughness of education and in good government and morals.

Thus Goethe alone equals the greatest of the English or British poets, William Shakespeare and surpasses every French poet and dramatist, from Molière to Victor Hugo and Rostand, and Bethoven and Wagner surpass Chopin and Goudin; the British or the English have none to place against them. Klopstock, Schiller, H. Heine, Tieck and Paul Heyse equal Alexander Pope, Lord Byron, Shelly, Walter Scott and Tennyson. Feuerbach, Herder and Schlegel equal even surpass Hallam and Buckle. Copenicus equals Francis Bacon; Leibnitz, Sir Isaac Newton and Napier and Rene Descartes combined, and Gauss equals Ampère as Weber equals J. J. Fourier, and Joule, and Liebig equals Chevreuil, Regnault and Raspail combined, and Helmholtz equals Lord Kelvin just as Emanuel Kant equals, even surpasses John Locke, and Hegel, Fichte and Herbart and Lotze, equal Spencer, J. S. Mill and Alex. Bain, as Ahrens alone surpasses Thomas More, Owen and

Henry George, and Bismark alone surpasses Disraeli and Gladstone and Lord Salisbury, and Frederick the Great equals Lewis the 14th and George Wasington, just as Ostwald equals Berthelot or William Crookes or Ramsay.

These three nations are sisters though now engaged in cruel and destructive war, brought on them mostly by secret enemies from without and within. By enemies I mean the internationalists, whose aim is to destroy all nations and reduce all mankind under the sceptre of money or leave it in lawlessness and disorder, viz. the great capitalists on the one hand and the revolutionary proletarians on the other, the former scheming to plunge the nations into debts, "*perpetual*" debts, bearing interest forever, thus increasing the wealth of the capitalists without limits, the latter brewing trouble and creating uprisings and disorders so as to hasten the downfall of existing social systems and give free rein to the disinherited and the outcast masses of society. Bisides these, political knaves have done their share to cause the present conflict, by neglecting and curb diverse abuses and to expunge flagrant vices which have filled the prisons with criminals, the asylum with madmen and the streets of cities with beggars, paupers and thieves, rather than to curtail the privileges of the rich or see justice done and a helping hand stretched out to the honest though less fortunate masses.

When these sisters nations see their own folly of wasting their energies and plunging

themselves into hopeless debts, they will make lasting peace, amend their laws and rise from their own ruins wiser, better and stronger than they ever have been.

One thing is clear at present, — the Slavonic people and their Mongol allies of Asia must *not* be allowed to destroy German learning and reduce the German people and all central Europe to servitude. That would crush also the French people and the British.

The British and the French need the German people to protect and defend the white race against its rivals in Asia and on the "Dark Continent". Defenseless Europe cannot resist the half savage hordes of the yellow race from the east nor the myrmidons of the black race from the south, which combined number some 1000 millions, or $2^1/_2$ times the population of Europe.

The earth can easily support and feed 20 times its present population, and the 7 or 8 nations now at war have no good reason for destroying each other unless it be to give the enemies of Europe and of the white race all power and to plunge mankind into untold wretchedness and anarchy or servitude for many years to come. Not wars and revolutions will will benefit mankind, but peaceful reforms and useful works. Not anarchy and destruction will profit Europe, but order, progress and good fellowship; not entire disarmament, nor femininism nor communism nor socialism, will reduce its evils and render it great and glorious, but

wise control of men and money, temperance in all things and federation of states,— in a word, better laws, better government and better men.

This is the note I whish to send the English speaking and English reading people along with the forgoing verses or ditties composed during my 40 years sojourn in America and Europe, where I learned something of "all classes and conditions of men", without losing sight of my original purpose of rendering value for value and thus justifying my having ever been born. For it is as true now, as a hundred years ago that:

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn".

F. B. Arngrímsson.

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